

EXHIBIT “A”

EXHIBIT “A”

EDWIN Y. FUJINAGA
2190 East Mesquite Ave.
Pahrump, NV 89060

March 24, 2019

Honorable Judge Navarro
Federal Public Defender
411 East Bonneville Ave. Suite 250
Las Vegas, Nevada 89101

Attention: Heidi A. Ojeda

Dear Honorable Judge Navarro:

In the Japanese Culture, "Honor" is one of the most valuable attributes that an individual can possess. Since I was a young child, everything that I was taught revolved around the highest moral principles of good character and hard work, which was instilled by my parents and generations before them. Regardless of one's position in society, honor and good character are given supreme importance where the betrayal thereof, is the ultimate sin. It was these virtues that guided my decision making throughout my life and early career.

When I started my company back in 1998, I loved what I did. I thrived in leading a team down a collaborative path in hopes of prosperity. The medical claims business became my calling. We provided a service that medical healthcare providers valued and sorely needed to stabilize their complex medical practices of billing and collections. We were very good at what we did. Medical Accounts Receivable (MARS) debt collections can be a daunting industry to navigate. But our business strategy proved our ability to achieve success with regularity and consistency that benefited all parties involved.

In my desire to continue the growth of my business, I made the decision to begin secularizing claims by packaging them into financial instruments that would be used as collateral for loans from investors. As we continued to perform well, investors were happy. That is when I gained huge

confidence in our strategy and accelerated the pace by which we raised capital. This acceleration proved to be the worst business decision I could have ever made. While investors continued to profit from our talent in the MARS debt collections business through investor loans, the scale with which we raised capital was too fast. This acceleration proved to be the worst business decision I could have ever made. As a result, there were unforeseen risks that we were exposed to and our internal compliance measures did not keep pace with growth. These risks caught us off guard. Most notably, because all of our debt instruments were from Japanese investors, the sharp rise of the Japanese Yen against the U.S. Dollar, started in 2008, eroded heavily into the performance of these debt instruments. The currency exchange rate resulted in 20% losses from the conversion from the dollar based revenue to yen to pay investors and expenses in Japan. While we were still performing well through our MARS debt collections, the currency exchange fluctuations essentially wiped out any positive performance we had .

I feel awful for the losses the investors experienced. My business strategy built around excessive growth proved to be an extremely poor one. While I believed I would be able to deliver on my promises to the investors, my horrible execution did not prove to be successful. As CEO of the company, it was my duty to insure that investors were protected. A duty I failed to uphold in the course of negligent business decisions.

I completely misjudged our teams ability to execute. Regardless of wrongdoing by others in the company, however, I am ultimately and solely responsible for all that transpires within my organization. And with my compulsive drive to not fail my investors and be viewed with high respect from my own Japanese culture, I allowed myself to become careless in that pursuit.

While I contested my guilt at trial, it does not take away from the fact that I made some really bad business judgments that resulted in losses to people that trusted me and depended on me. Every step of the way, I never "*Intended To Defraud*" our Japanese investors through "*Deceptive Practices*" and induce them into investing with my Company. But I am undoubtedly guilty of not being able to successfully execute on the promises I made to them.

I am now 72 years old and my health has deteriorated substantially. I suffer from chronic heart conditions such as high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries. A recent MRI brain scan indicates that I had a mild stroke on the right side of my brain some years ago and signs of further signs of arteriosclerosis of the arteries in my brain. I also suffer from debilitating vertigo that impaired my ability to function even on a basic level because it affects my balance and causes sever nausea. The

reality is that I strongly feel that my health will continue to deteriorate behind prison as I recognize that I will be spending my remaining living years behind bars.

When I look back, I continually come back to my desire to lead a life of honor and integrity. I recognize that the imprisonment you impose will represent the courts view of my sins in the eyes of justice. But I would also want the court to know that the shame I shall live with will create a cultural and self-imposed exile far beyond those years of my incarceration. The disgrace for betraying my honor will be with me until my last day of my life.

I feel terrible about the pain I caused. I have dishonored myself for the chaos I brought to people that depended upon me. Your honor, I pray that the court takes mercy upon me in the imposition of my sentence.

Thank you respectfully for your consideration.

Very truly yours,

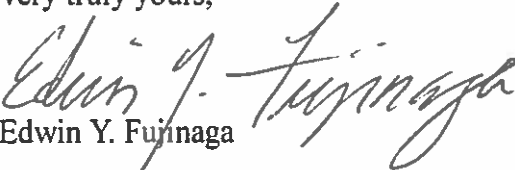

Edwin Y. Fujinaga

EXHIBIT “B”

EXHIBIT “B”

Honorable Judge Navarro,

My name is June Fujinaga and I have been married to Mr. Edwin Y. Fujinaga for eighteen years and we have a son named Bos K. Fujinaga who is eighteen years of age. He is currently a Junior in high school and depends considerably on his father. Mr. Fujinaga has supported Bos in all of his educational endeavors. Our son has suffered emotionally and is traumatized by his father's conviction three months ago. My husband is the primary source of income for our family and we need him to return to the family as soon as possible so we can have a steady source of income.

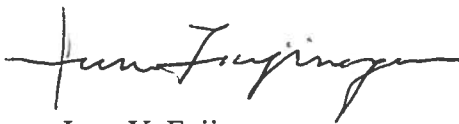
We are pleading to the court for limited sentencing because my husband has no history of criminal activity. He is an honest man that has never broken any laws during his business career. He has always been a prime example of how business should be conducted. He has also advised our son to follow all laws of society, so in return he can be a useful citizen in whatever profession he chooses. My husband has set the foundations of our son's personal and professional life. My son sees his father as a pivotal person within his adulthood and our son would struggle spiritually and emotionally without his guidance.

My husband has had a history of health problems that could affect his span of life. He is seventy-three years of age and has experienced many health issues. Some of his acute problems are hyper tension, acute vertigo, hardening of the arteries, and his past brain scan had also indicated that he suffered a mild stroke. With these concerns combined with the stress of his incarceration, our family has recently learned that his health has deeply declined. His blood pressure has risen to dangerous levels and from the perspectives of others, he has begun to loose a massive amount of weight. We fear that the stress of his incarceration may jeopardize his life and in the worse case shorten it.

In the past, he has also voluntarily helped people in need many times. One such example of his compassion to the world community was the 2011 Fukushima Incident. On March 11, 2011, the Fukushima prefecture of Japan was hit by a devastating earthquake and tsunami that killed 1,599 people. The nuclear power plant nearby was critically damaged by both opposing forces, causing a meltdown. This would severely damage the country's fishing industry for many years up until today. The nuclear meltdown was caused by the combined earthquake-tsunami, resulting in the pollution of the territorial waters off Japan. My husband with the permission of the Japanese government, sent aid such as food items, hardware, blankets, and miscellaneous items for approximately 1,000 people in need. This assistance continued for over a period of two months. This is the type of person my husband is, he had no hesitation in helping people in need who were hurt by the unexpected disaster.

We beg the court again to be lenient in sentencing. We support my husband's plea so that he can become a respectful senior citizen once again in society. We miss him very much and hope the court will consider our letter of reference in sentencing Mr. Fujinaga on April 11, 2019. We thank you for your patience in this matter and we ask for your sympathy in regarding my husband, Edwin Y. Fujinaga.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "June Y. Fujinaga". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "June" and last name "Fujinaga" clearly distinguishable.

June Y. Fujinaga,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Bos K. Fujinaga". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Bos" and last name "Fujinaga" clearly distinguishable.

Bos K. Fujinaga,

EXHIBIT “C”

Redacted by FPD for Personal Identifiers

EXHIBIT “C”

February 6, 2019

Honorable Judge Navarro
Federal Court

Dear Judge Navaroo,

My name is Andrea Fujinaga and I am writing to you on behalf of Edwin Y. Fujinaga who I have known for fifty five years, thirty one of those as his wife and mother of his three children. I hope that this letter allows you to see another side of Ed.

As is with many marriages, there were both good and difficult times . We worked hard to better ourselves and our relationship out of love and the mutual desire to raise our children in a healthy and loving home.

As a father, Ed was committed to providing our children with the best education possible. He encouraged and supported their educational goals and extra curricular activities by sharing in chauffeuring duties, coaching Little League, attending games and of course, participating in the post game potlucks. Today they are all adults living productive and purposeful lives.

Outward appearances often don't show you who a person truly is. For as long as I have known him, Ed has smiled little, frowned a lot and took pride in being perceived as stoic, like a samurai. His actions were in contrast to his outward appearance. While working for a bank as an appraiser, a part of his job was to inspect the bank's collateral, mainly residential homes. On one of these inspections he met a homeowner who was elderly and lived very frugally. Ed bought him lunch that day and continued to do so whenever his job took him to that area of the island. It was always lunch and a few moments of what we islanders call "talking story." He has always had great compassion and respect for seniors and a great love for animals. Injured , sick or abandoned animals always received whatever care he was able to provide. Walking and playing with his dogs made him happy.

Although our divorce was acrimonious with many mean and hurtful words exchanged, I can truthfully, without doubt or hesitation say that Ed would never intentionally create and build a business to defraud people. He is a decent person.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Andrea Fujinaga".

Andrea Fujinaga

[REDACTED]
Honolulu, HI [REDACTED]

February 10th, 2019

To The Honorable Judge Navarro

Dear Judge Navarro:

My name is Kim and I am the only daughter of Edwin Y. Fujinaga. As you can understand, this is not an easy letter to write and I spent a long time thinking about what I wanted to say and how best to say it. My dad was born in Honolulu, HI and grew up in the islands. He had a very modest upbringing - my grandparents were typical local people with regular jobs. My grandmother was a stay at home mom & later worked for a catering company, & my grandpa was a coordinator for a chain of local grocery stores. My dad had a normal childhood, actively participating in boy scouts and ultimately achieving Eagle Scout status. He attended the state university and graduated with a business degree and his first job was with a finance company. He later worked for a local bank before becoming self employed. My dad was no stranger to hard work. He felt that it was his duty to provide for his family and to give his children every opportunity to excel in life. He was a firm believer in education and despite any financial hardships he and my mother weathered in their marriage, he continued to provide so that my brother and I could attend the best private schools in the state. My dad was not a man to give a lot of verbal praise, nor did he demonstrate a lot of affection, but I do remember the smile on his face when he attended my graduation from medical school.

When my mom and dad got divorced, I was an adult child of divorce. It came as a shock and as with many divorces, there were a lot of harsh words exchanged and hurt feelings in the mix. My dad's business and personal relationships took him to Las Vegas where he resettled. I had less contact with my dad after the divorce and during my training years. I can say though that when I went through a very difficult time in my life during those years, my dad was there to support me financially and

to make sure that my daughter and I were safe from harm. For that I am always grateful and thankful.

It is my hope that this letter gives you some insight into the man that is my dad. I don't know the specifics of my dad's case, only what I've seen in the papers. Knowing how my dad feels about things like hard work, respect, and not dishonoring the family name, I choose to believe that my dad went into this venture with the intention to do right by his investors. He may have made mistakes but perhaps what he is most guilty of is putting his faith/trust in people who took advantage of the situation. While I realize that restitution needs to be made, I respectfully ask you to consider leniency in your sentencing. My dad is not a hardened criminal without a moral compass. He has a family in Las Vegas, particularly a son who is finishing up highschool who loves his father very much and is still very much in need of a father to provide him with guidance and protection as he navigates his way into adulthood.

Thank you for taking the time to read this letter. I hope you have a better understanding of the man who is my father, and that you'll consider his age, declining health, and his family when you make your decision.

Sincerely,

Kim Fujinaga

February 10, 2019

To the Honorable Judge Navarro

Dear Judge Navarro,

My name is Kevin Fujinaga and I am Edwin Fujinaga's second youngest son. I understand my father has been found guilty and I can only hope that this letter will help grant him some leniency during your sentencing.

Honestly, I haven't had much contact with my father for the past 12 years. Writing this letter is the first real effort I've made with our relationship in that time. After his recent loss in court, he wrote to ask if the family would be willing to write to you, and for the past few weeks I've struggled to decide. Ultimately, here I am, writing to you about my father.

I decided to write this letter, because I realized 2 things. The first is that my father is more than what was said about him during his hearing or in the news. While growing up he was always financially supportive of my education and personal endeavors. Whatever I needed to succeed, he was there for me. He also taught me the value of responsibility and the importance of follow through. When I was 13, my father had bought me a puppy. He had told me when we got her that I was responsible for walking her every night, and almost every night around 7 or 8 o'clock he and I took her out for a walk. To this day, I vividly recall our walks and how that taught me about responsibility and following through. I'm grateful for what my father provided and the lessons he taught me.

The second realization that I came to is that I still care for my father. He'll be 73 this October, and the thought of him spending the rest of his life in jail is sad. He's an old man who made a lot of mistakes in his life, but he's human, and mistakes are part of being human. I know what he did was wrong, and I won't lie and say my father is a saint, but I can tell you he's more than just case number 2:15-cr-00198-GMN-NJK, or even his inmate number, he's my dad, the guy who used to give money to homeless people on the street or used to help me out with Boy Scouts and school activities. Despite not having contact with my father, I know in my heart that humbly asking for mercy on his behalf is the only thing I can do. I've never met my younger brother, but I do know that my father means the world to him. I'm grown up, so it's hard to change my relationship with my dad, but my younger brother still needs him in his life.

I'm not sure if what I've written will affect your decision, but thank you for the opportunity to write on behalf of my father.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be the name 'Kevin' in a cursive style.

Kevin

February 5, 2019

The Honorable Judge Navarro

Dear Judge Navarro,

I am writing this letter in behalf of my brother, Edwin Fujinaga. We are saddened about the predicament he is facing and pray issues can be resolved positively for everyone involved. I would like to share memories of Ed's upbringing and another side of his character I knew and experienced as his older sister.

Our childhood was spent in a close and small neighborhood near downtown Honolulu, predominantly populated by Chinese and Japanese families. We both attended a private Buddhist Elementary School near our home. Our Father worked long hours as a supermarket manager so Mom was basically our caregiver and involved in our activities. Mom enrolled us in Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. She volunteered as a den mother. Ed was an active and curious child and scouting provided him a variety of activities. He enjoyed working with his scout friends during the Makahiki Events. He diligently worked with Mom and his troop members to achieve his badges and finally attained the Eagle Scout award. He was very proud to have achieved this award and appreciated Mom's support.

In our neighborhood, the kids formed a club and we were fortunate to have a clubhouse in the back of a friend's house. We gathered there on holidays, such as Halloween, to prepare for trick-o-treating, share our goodies and funny experiences. On other weekends, we played in a nearby river with our homemade sling shots and honohono grass to sling to our opponents. Ed enjoyed these competitive times. We also made can stilts and raced with them with our friends. We played simple games such as marbles and flipping milk covers. Ed practiced to be competitive with the other kids.

Ed loved animals and always had pets. He built a spacious coop for his flock of pigeons and kept in clean. We shared in our responsibilities with our parakeet and dog. As an adult, Ed always had pet dogs and established caring relationships with them.

In college, Ed joined a fraternity and became close with his brothers. During their initiation period, the boys were asked to eat a plate of dog food. Several of his brothers could not stomach the dog food so Ed finished off their share too. He suffered many days of paddling during this initiation. He came home many evenings with his back side red and swollen. I helped him ice it down to relieve the pain. He endured a lot to be accepted into the fraternity.

While in college, Ed worked in a supermarket doing stocking and bagging. Upon graduating in business administration with degrees in management and finance, Ed worked for

a bank and then pursued to get his real estate and broker's licenses. He used these licenses to run his own real estate business.

Mom was diagnosed with Alzheimer's when she was 80 years old. We were all concerned so Ed had her x-ray sent to UCLA Medical Center for a second opinion. It was confirmed, but the progression was very slow so she was able to live at home. We helped with the cooking, cleaning and shopping. After 5 years, both of our parents needed 24/7 care and Ed arranged for in-home care with a family friend. Ed called to check on them and sent things they needed to live comfortably in their home. Knowing that Mom was slowly losing her memory, Ed took her to Japan to visit her mother's relatives while she could still converse and enjoy their company. He sent Dad to Las Vegas with his caregiver. Dad looked forward to visits with Ed, the casinos, the food and the sightseeing. He was happy and excited when he returned from these trips and eagerly shared his experiences with friends and family.

While living in Hawaii, Ed and his family celebrated holidays with large family gatherings. My daughters were often invited to stay at their house for sleep overs, movie nights and camping trips. We also met before New Years for "mochi pounding," a Japanese cultural event to make rice cakes to put up in our homes for blessings in the new year. As supportive parents, Ed and Andi worked hard to send their children to private schools for the intermediate and high school levels. They were also able to pursue their educational goals at excellent colleges in Boston, Massachusetts and Nebraska. Ed made sure they were able to study in a safe and comfortable environment. Ed and Andi were very proud of the conscientious efforts their children invested in their studies to achieve their professional degrees. Today, they are all working diligently in their chosen professions and leading meaningful lives.

I hope my memories of my brother, Edwin Fujinaga, illustrates a side of his character that is caring, protective and supportive. I know an Ed who would never intentionally hurt people or animals.

Thank you for allowing us to share a side of Ed that we experienced. We love him and pray for his well-being.

Respectfully,

Sharon Koyanagi
Sharon Koyanagi

████████████████████
Pearl City, Hawaii ██████████

Shelly Koyanagi

Pearl City, HI

February 7, 2019

RE: Mr. Edwin Fujinaga

To The Honorable Judge Navarro:

I am writing on behalf of my uncle Edwin Fujinaga, whom I have known for over 48 years. Generally speaking, as an uncle, and father to my cousins, son to my grandparents, and brother to my mother, I've always known him to do right by our family.

In my childhood, I remember spending summers at my Auntie Andi and Uncle Ed's house in Kailua, Hawaii. My cousins Lee, Kim, Kevin, and I, along with my younger sister Dawn, would have sleep overs and movie night and swimming parties at a nearby friend's house. We'd spend days climbing trees and playing in the backyard forest, throwing guava at each other, setting up teams to play hide and seek or battling in dirt ball wars. Many nights were spent in front of the fireplace in the living room, roasting marshmallows, making root beer floats, or playing board games, or baking/cooking with Auntie and Uncle. Often times, the kids would camp out in sleeping bags, talking story and laughing into the morning hours. I remember both Auntie Andi and Uncle Ed being so generous with their time and attention for us kids.

Many New Years were spent pounding mochi by hand, along with our extended families, often times including our friends and friends of friends; everyone was always welcome. From early dawn to late at night, Uncle Ed and his family hosted many guests—it was our family tradition. As the years went by, members of the "mochi pounding" group grew too old to continue the strenuous activity, or moved away, and eventually, the gatherings became fewer and far between.

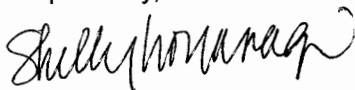
In 2006, I was lucky enough to escort Uncle Ed's mother Merle, or as I affectionately call her, "Gram Fuj," to Japan to visit with her extended family in Fukuoka. Uncle Ed met us there and when we visited Kumamoto Castle, he offered to stay at the bottom of the hill and wait with Grandma, who at the time, was in a wheelchair, so I could go up and explore the castle and the grounds. I remember, when I came back down, Grandma smiled and said she and Uncle had a wonderful afternoon catching up on old times. At that point, Uncle Ed was living in Las Vegas and Grandma, in Kailua, Hawaii, with Ed's father, my grandfather Roy, or better known as "Pops." It's still a strong memory I hold dear because Gram Fuj now lives with dementia and Alzheimer's disease and doesn't remember too much of the good old days.

When both my grandparents, Pop and Gram Fuj, began to struggle living independently, I remember my mom Sharon calling Uncle Ed to discuss how to best handle these life changes

for their parents. He called to talk to them, check in on how they were doing, and asking if they needed anything, sending what he was able to. He always offered to do what he could from Las Vegas and even came back to Hawaii a few times to check on them in person. He felt bad that he couldn't be there on a daily basis but always appreciated my mom's diligent efforts to maintain as normal a life for them, for as long as she could. Every time we'd see him, he'd thank her; you could see the gratitude in his teared-up eyes.

Though at times he may have come across as abrasive, I knew he had a soft heart for his family and friends. Loyal, proud of his kids, kind and generous would be a few words to describe my memories of him.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Shelly Koyanagi', written in a cursive style.

Shelly Koyanagi

Niece of Edwin Fujinaga

February 10, 2019

To the Honorable Judge Navarro

Dear Judge Navarro,

I would like to take this opportunity to express what my thoughts are about the situation that my dad, Edwin Fujinaga, is presently in and to offer some personal information that may show you another side of him.

Although my dad, as the CEO of his company, is ultimately responsible for the actions and choices made there were events and influences that brought him to where he is today.

When he and his partner, Stewart Green, started the business, I firmly believe it was not to scam or deceive people. Things were not moving as fast as he wanted but rather than relying on people who genuinely had his best interest in mind, he gave in to others who had their own agenda. At the urging of his present wife he disconnected himself from his family and true friends. Mr. Green's passing left my dad almost totally alone. I believe that at that point fear became his partner; his bad choices and decisions were based on fear of not being able to meet his obligations to his investors, fear of failure. He made bad choices but he is not a bad person.

My father, without failure, always provided all of us with the opportunity to receive a good education and supported all of our endeavors. Even when I messed up, he always encouraged me to pick myself up and helped me to keep moving forward.

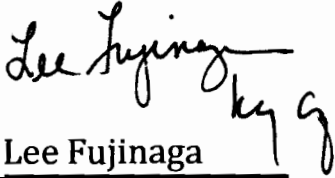
I remember my dad piggy backing me up the stairs all the time, he practiced catching, pitching and fielding when I played Little League and playing soccer with me. He was always reading books to improve his coaching skills and the mechanics of pitching so he could teach me to be a better pitcher. He had a soft spot for old people and people with physical or mental challenges. He did what he could to help them whether it was buying them lunch or giving them a little bit of money.

He loved his dogs and looked forward to taking them for walks and playing ball with them at the end of the day.

I hope that I have been able to let you see another side of my dad. In spite of all that has happened and the long lapse of any kind of communication between us, he is still my father and I believe, a decent person.

Thank you for allowing me to share my thoughts and I hope that he will not spend the rest of his life in prison. I know that I have another younger brother but I have never met him. I have been told that our father means the world to him, hopefully he will have a little more time to share with him.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Lee Fujinaga" with a stylized flourish at the end.

Lee Fujinaga

Honolulu, HI